

The Knight's Code

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The Knight's Code

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Summary

Hannibal is beautiful; has always been lovely to behold. Now, though, he stands with blood smeared across his cheek and dripping crimson from the sword in his hand - Will's sword - and Will's heart clenches at how victorious, how resplendent he looks.

Notes

Day 9 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Royalty

A quick, sweet snapshot inspired by the gorgeous artwork by [Beatricenius](#) Check their artwork out if you haven't already!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will's heart is in his throat when he finally slips into the bedchambers of the king, only just managing to avoid detection. The sight he's greeted with calms him and provides him further anxious fluttering in his chest by equal measures.

Hannibal is beautiful; has always been lovely to behold. Now, though, he stands with blood smeared across his cheek and dripping crimson from the sword in his hand - *Will's sword* - and Will's heart clenches at how victorious, how resplendent he looks.

The body of the king, sprawled akimbo across the mussed bedsheets, is barely a passing thought as Will makes his way across the room and collects Hannibal in his arms, crushing him against his body. "You are an absolute menace, my heart. What have you done?"

Hannibal's smile is radiant, contains entire suns, entire universes within the bone-white cage of his teeth. Will nearly can't keep himself from leaning forward to claim the prince's lips - *king now* - their relationship always one with Hannibal at the reins.

"Beloved. You made it." Hannibal's gaze is full of warmth and mirth, and Will is lost to him all over again. He never imagined he could love another as fully and completely as he loves Hannibal Lecter, just the proximity of his lover enough to arouse and incite him.

"Clearly too late it would seem." Will's eyes are drawn back to the scene on the bed and then to Hannibal's blood-soaked eyes, darker now with the first hints of his arousal. He can't help the small snarl that shakes loose from him at the sight of the king, nude, and Hannibal's clothing in such disarray.

Hannibal notices immediately, smirk growing bolder. "He was dead before he ever laid a finger on me, darling. Don't fret."

They're insatiable when they're together. Always have been, since that fated day Will was sent to retrieve the king's future bride. He was only meant to escort the young man from his own home to a foreign land, meant to be the stern hand that would deliver him into the life Hannibal had desperately attempted to slip from for years.

Instead, he had fallen madly in love.

He oft wondered, in those first few days of tumultuous travel, what spell might have been woven to bewitch Will so, to tempt him to defy his orders, his king, and steal the young man away for himself. And then their lips had met, just once, briefly, the night before they arrived home, and Will knew he'd do much more than break vows and disgrace his name to make certain Hannibal was with him always.

For Hannibal, Will would defy even the gods.

He knows, though, what this means, even as pride and gratitude swells in his chest. Hannibal has killed the king with Will's own sword, there's no way to hide that. Even though the throne is now rightfully Hannibal's, the crown on his softly tousled locks won't save him

from the hangman's noose, especially as a prince of a foreign land married into the kingdom for the purposes of an alliance that will now die as readily as the king did.

"You should have waited for me," Will chides softly. "Now you'll be forced to flee. You've been home only but a fortnight."

"This isn't my home," Hannibal reminds him. "My home sold me to the highest bidder like a piece of chattel, more concerned with what I could gain than what I wanted." Hannibal raises his blood-smeared brow, amusement twisting his lips. "Would the outcome have differed, had your hand done the deed?"

"It would be *me* on the gallows instead of *you*." Tears spring to Will's eyes at the mere thought, and he rushes to blink them away, dropping his blurry sight to the floor. "Don't you understand I'd die a thousand deaths to give you the freedom you long for?"

Hannibal steps closer, drops the bloody sword that hung by his side with a dreadfully loud *clang* and reaches out to Will. His hands are tacky with drying blood as they cup his face, and warm as a sunbeam.

He presses his lips to Will's forehead briefly and then tips his head, urging Will to meet his gaze. "My darling Will," Hannibal sighs, threading his fingers into Will's curls in an action heart-wrenchingly familiar for how short a time they've known one another. "Don't you understand that freedom means nothing to me if my heart hangs right alongside you?"

Will sighs, tears finally overwhelming his eyes' defenses to spill down his cheeks when Hannibal presses their lips together.

"In all this world, I never thought I'd find someone who fits me like you do. I'm not about to give you up now. We'll go together, Will. We were always meant to go together. There's a ship awaiting us as we speak, one which has agreed to give us passage across the sea."

"We can still say it was me," Will tries. "I'll flee, take the boat, and you can tell all who care to listen what traitorous scum I am, how you arrived at your king's bedchambers only to find that I'd slaughtered him without mercy. You can keep the life you know, knowing that I am alive out there somewhere, loving you fiercely with every breath. I can't ask you to give up everything for me. We'll have *nothing* if we flee together."

"We'll have each other," Hannibal reminds him, voice soft and insistent. "That's enough for me, Will. Is it enough for you?"

Fresh tears slip down Will's cheeks as he drops to his knees, grasping Hannibal's left hand and pulling it to his mouth to place fervent kisses to his knuckles, his palm, his wrist. "Yes, yes," he swears between kisses. He tastes Hannibal and the salty iron of the blood that paints his hand and thinks he could spend the rest of his days nourished by this alone. "*Always*."

Hannibal's other hand remains in Will's curls, petting soothingly through them as his beloved comes to terms with the overwhelming adoration that's seized him. "Then rise, my love, and let us be off. A new world awaits us. A new life, all our own making."

Will tilts his head to peer up at his beloved, his king. His god; the only one to whom he'll give worship and praise. His voice is thick with emotion as immense happiness swells and threatens to burst through his chest. "It will be beautiful."

A gentle hand cups his cheek, a thumb trailing softly over the bow of his lips. "It already is."

End Notes

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'Til next time!   BellaRai

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